

## **Skin Me Alive** by **Rebldomakr**

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Alternate Universe - Modern, Alternate Universe - No Upside Down, Gay Will Byers, M/M, Morally Ambiguous Story, Vague Grooming, Vague Sex

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jonathon Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Will Byers/Billy Hargrove, Will Byers/Jonathon Byers

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**Summary:**

There is the potential of ‘wrongness’ in every human. Sometimes it’s brought out by trauma and abuse, sometimes by nature alone, but most of the time it never surfaces. Or, honestly, Will's been just a little conditioned.

## Skin Me Alive

Jonathon's hand had pressed hard enough on Will's waist that, when he woke up, there were purple fingers painted on his skin. It stings a little when he touches it. His dick and the not-so-good part of his brain like the sting, so he touches the purple fingers more until he's moving his own fingers to the fucked-open hole that he calls his and he fucks himself loosely on three digits. Not as good as someone else's dick filling him, but it's good enough to relieve himself before he finishes his morning routine.

His mom gives him a plate full of pancakes when Will is showered, dressed, and in the dining room/extra kitchen space. His brother doesn't want to meet his eyes, so Will just eats his breakfast and asks for extra bacon when it's done. Phantom touches dance still on him, but it's easy to ignore while he's eating. He is hungry. His brother gives him his portion of the bacon and their mom leaves early for work, reminding Will to be outside soon because the bus doesn't wait very long.

Even though Jonathon looks like he's going to bolt as soon as breakfast is over, and their mom is gone, Will tugs on his brother's shirt and climbs onto his lap. He kisses him once, twice, thrice – "I love you." Will says, and it isn't a lie. He does love his brother. Not the way lovers love, the way brothers who have a lot of sex love. He's not stupid enough to think that Jonathon loves him even close to that way, though, because Jonathon has Nancy and now this is just a fading addiction he continues because Will still wants it. Something that he feels guilty enough over that he thinks, if he stops, he'll damage Will even more than he already has.

"Me too." Jonathon's smile is tense. Will kisses him one final time before sliding off of his brother's lap. He knows Jonathon loves him like brothers love brothers. He wishes Jonathon could at least love him the way Will loves Jonathon. No one can have everything, Will guesses.

Will grabs his phone and his backpack from his bedroom before going outside to wait for the bus. He got his ride to school from his brother at the beginning of the year, before riding with Nancy

became too much for Will to handle. He told his mom that he didn't like coming to school with his brother, ignored Jonathon's hurt face, and took the bus instead. At least Max and Dustin rode on the bus with him.

The notifications that popped up during breakfast are mostly from his friends, except for a single message –

*are you free tonight?*

Will could recognize the number by sight, even though he had finally slotted it into an actual contact just two days ago.

*Yeah. What's up?*

Hawkins High's school bus pulls up before Will gets a response. Dustin waves at him from one of the windows, with Max scowling behind him and tugging him back into the seat. As he boards the bus, jumping onto the steps, he feels a new pain on his thighs. The bee-sting ache makes his stomach quiver a little, like a reminder of last night. Will has to ignore it and walk towards his friends.

"Good morning." Will tells Max and Dustin.

Max shoves Dustin to the seat on the opposite side of the row. "He smells like cologne, again." She complains.

Will sniffs and agrees with a nod. He sits next to Max, ignoring Dustin's loud complaints. His friend has been growing better than Will, but slower than the rest of the Party. He's been making up for it by copying as much of Steve Harrington he can. Only, instead of the nice perfume that Steve wears placed onto a neat balance, he drenches himself with something that smells a little like a skunk mixed with sugar.

"The ladies love it." Dustin says.

Max snorts. "Do you mean *dogs*?" She asks, sneering.

It takes another twenty minutes before their bus pulls into the school. By then, Max has already shouted at the window at her stepbrother. (She's refused to take rides from him for anything school-related

since she became a freshman, unlike Dustin who got as many rides as he could from Steve. Some days, it's only Max on the bus with him) They also get to see Mike sitting in the passenger's seat in his mother's car, groaning through one of his little sister's favorite songs spewing out of the radio. Between Mike and someone else on the bus talking about fisting, Will's phone dings in his hand. He turns it on silent.

"Aren't you going to answer? What if it's Mike?" Dustin says. "You know how he gets." 'Gets', as in, Mike thinks someone's dead if they don't respond immediately. Well, he acts like it.

Will shrugs. "I don't feel like texting." He distracts Dustin by pointing out that Max is wearing lipstick today, for the third day in the row.

"One of Billy's girlfriends left it in the bathroom, and it's actually pretty, okay? Shut up." Max folds her arms.

"What if you get herpes?" Dustin stage-whispers, leaning over Will to get closer to her. She shoves her hand into his face. He falls to the bus floor. She and Will laugh together while Dustin grumbles. "I *hope* you get herpes, Max."

They get to school about twenty minutes before first period. Mike and Lucas are waiting for them by the bus pavilion. Mike complains about not getting any responses from anyone except for Jane as they go to pick her up from the front entrance. Her dad (not really her dad, he adopted her) is waiting with her, glaring at anyone who gets to close. Even them. Jane smiles when she sees Mike and slides in close to him, already bubbly.

"Bye!" She waves at her dad, Chief Hopper, as he gets into the squad car. He waves back, glares at a few more kids, and drives off. Absently, Will wonders how it'd be like to sit on Chief Hopper's lap.

Dustin and Jane share first period in English, while Lucas is in Human Biology, Mike is in English but with another teacher, Max is in Health, and Will is in Art. They get breakfast from one of the stalls the school had just put in, in random spots throughout the school so students stop crowding the too-small cafeteria in the morning, which they eat while visiting each of their lockers before finally splitting

apart minutes before the first bell.

When Will checks his phone, walking towards his classroom, he stops.

*meet me by the bleachers before first period.*

Normally, Lucas picks him up from class so they can walk to their English class together. Will decides he'll lie and say he left class early to go to the bathroom, and hopes he'll be home before his mom so he can erase the school's voicemail about his absence. He's done it before.

*Okay.*

Hawkins High has three gyms. The Hawkins Gym is the oldest, smallest gym that doesn't have air conditioning. It's where the kids in I.S.S. are sent. It also has a set of doors that lead directly out to the track field, which has the small bleachers that's notorious for kids hanging out to smoke and skip a class they don't want to go to. Will narrowly misses a administrator walking around yelling at people to go to class. He blends in with the ISS kids being sorted out. He goes out the doors, unnoticed, and by the time the first bell rings. It clatters out with static through the outside speakers.

Will passes by Maryann Sweet talking into her phone about dirty condoms and a group of boys eating breakfast, before he gets to the end of the bleachers. Billy Hargrove is sitting on the ground, a cigarette hanging out of his mouth, with unfamiliar metal music coming out at low volume from his phone.

"Hey, babe." Billy smiles. He pulls his cigarette out form his mouth and flicks it out a few feet onto the grass.

"Why'd you want me here?" Will asks.

"You were too busy fucking your dear brother last night." Billy shrugs. "Figured you ought to make up for lost time." He sticks out his tongue and wags it playfully.

"Like you weren't with some girl." Will says. "Do you still have the key to the supply room?"

Billy doesn't answer. He stands up and places his hand on the back of Will's neck.

It's a very short walk from the bleaches to the Harrington Gym, a large building unattached to the school itself. Billy has had the key to the gym's supply room since the beginning of the year, when the coach trusted him once with a copy and forgot to ever ask for it back. There's no one using it this morning, so they make it to the supply room without needing to duck or take cover.

Will doesn't wait to be told what to do once the supply room's door is shut and locked. He falls to his knees with grace that only comes from practice. He reaches for Billy's jeans, when his hands are slapped away.

"Get undressed." Billy says. "I'm going to fuck you."

Billy never uses a condom and Will doesn't think it's very smart to fuck bareback at the beginning of the day, but the ache in his thighs and the unsatisfying orgasm from earlier makes the decision to risk it for him.

He undresses quickly, tossing his clothes into a pile. Billy only takes off his jacket, before he unbuckled his jeans and pulled them down far enough to free his dick. He uses a bottle of lotion from his pocket to cover himself in a too-thin layer.

Will's lifted on top of a pile of mats before his legs are pushed up towards his chest. They are allowed back down to rest on Billy's shoulders.

"I don't think I'm wet enough." Will says, but Billy ignores him. He shoves his cock inside of Will who is open, but only just wet enough so nothing tears immediately. After a few thrusts, however, it starts to hurt.

Will's crying in minutes, begging Billy to stop. He screams some and even tries to push Billy off, but the thrusts don't stop. They become smoother with pre-ejaculate and maybe a little sweat, mostly with the blood that's come from Will. Billy likes to fuck in a way that'll leave him too much pain to fuck for a few more days after. It satisfies

him more than when they are actually well-prepared, at least. Will orgasms, almost silent, and Billy continues on for a short while longer. He comes inside.

It's – *Will is* – sloppy and wet by the end. Billy kisses him and shoves his fingers inside of him, scooping out bloody semen. Billy feeds it to him before kissing him again. Their tongues meet, rub slightly before Billy's already pulling away.

"I love you." Will breathes out. He loves Billy not in the way brothers love, or the way brothers that fuck love, but the way someone loves someone else who probably isn't very for them. It's awfully similar to the brothers who fuck type of love, just a little stronger in Will's opinion.

Unlike Jonathon, Billy smiles and touches Will's face. "Love you too." He says.

#### **Author's Note:**

it was Alcoholic\_Kangaroo's fic 'Till The Radio Plays Something Familiar that got me into Jonathon/Will, thus part of the background of this story. gotta admit..imma hooked, but i just love billy/will so much lmao